



JASON GOES TO HELL
THE FINAL FRIDAY
DIRECTOR'S CUT

JASON GOES TO HELL: THE FINAL FRIDAY

Story by

Jay Huguely & Adam Marcus

Screenplay by

Dean Lorey & Jay Huguely

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE - DUSK

We're rapidly moving across the water, skimming, towards the dark woods on the far shore.

2 EXT. BACK ROAD/INT. TOYOTA CELICA - DUSK

ELIZABETH MARCUS drives her Toyota Celica along this heavily wooded road. She's a young woman, innocent looking, sweet and pretty.

The light is fading. Shadows begin to overtake the land.

She is obviously some place remote. A sign caught briefly in her headlights says, "CRYSTAL LAKE - 4 MILES". Elizabeth swings the car around a barely seen curve in the road. She pulls up...

3 EXT. DESERTED CABIN - DUSK

Elizabeth parks the Toyota. She gets out, takes a look at the cabin.

A "FOR RENT" sign hangs, tacked to the porch at an angle.

The place looks dark, dirty, uninviting.

She moves to her rear door, opens it and bends in to get her over-night bag. Behind her, the darkness gapes with the ominous threat of violence.

She comes back out of the car and moves to the cabin. A porch swing, rotted and unusable, BANGS METHODICALLY against the old wood of the house. Elizabeth fumbles for the keys and drops them.

As she bends down to pick off, the "FOR RENT" sign snaps its chain and swings down, missing her neck by inches.

Startled, she rips the sign off and tosses it onto the porch with a LOUD BANG.

4 INT. DESERTED CABIN - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Elizabeth enters. The place is damp and dank. A layer of moldy dust has gathered. Shadows obscure the corners of the room.

Elizabeth puts down her bag and gropes the wall for a switch.

She finds one. Flips it. The light turns on for a few brief moments...then sputters and goes out.

ELIZABETH

Shit...

She turns and goes back outside.

5 EXT. DESERTED CABIN - DUSK

Elizabeth walks slowly around the cabin, towards a decrepit old woodshed at the edge of a dark, unfriendly woods. She slowly opens the door...a mossy ladder rests against the far wall.

Elizabeth enters and walks towards the ladder. Suddenly, the woodshed door BANGS CLOSED. Elizabeth SHRIEKS then, scrabbling at the door, flings it open and rushes outside with the ladder.

There is a RUSTLE off among the trees. She hesitates again.

Footsteps on dry leaves? Just a gust of wind off the lake?

With a last look over her shoulder, she drags the ladder back towards the cabin and enters.

6 INT. DESERTED CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth comes back in with the ladder. She picks up her bag, removes a four pack of bulbs and, climbing on the ladder, replaces the bulb in the living room. The light comes on...but it's scant illumination against the dark night.

Suddenly, her foot slips on the slimy step of the ladder and she drops the old bulb, which SHATTERS LOUDLY on the floor.

Grimacing, Elizabeth climbs down the ladder and quickly sweeps up the broken glass. Having done that, she shuts the front door all the way, then puts her bag on the bed and opens it. She takes out a few pairs of jeans and some shirts and moves to the standing wardrobe.

We know that she will open the doors of that wardrobe and come face to face with her death.

She opens the wardrobe.

Nothing...just a moth.

She puts her clothes away. The sound of a branch SCRAPING against the side of the cabin adds to the tension. Now she turns...
...there is no one waiting there in the doorway.

Elizabeth yawns, stretches and walks up the stairwell to the second floor landing, which leads into a pitch black hallway.

7 INT. DESERTED CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

She moves down the hallway, then enters the bathroom and turns on the light. Crossing to the bathtub, she bends down and turns on the hot water. It comes spitting out, brackish and brown at first, then finally clear.

She stays, bent over the tub, letting the dirty water run down the drain. Then she puts the plug in, filling the tub for a bath. As it fills, she undresses down to the her T-shirt and underwear.

She looks over to discover that the medicine cabinet door is open. She crosses to it and closes it.

This has got to be the one. She will close that door and there, reflected in the mirror will be...

...nothing, just the dim illumination of the bathroom light.

She bends down to test the temperature of the tub water.

It's good.

She removes her underwear and t-shirt, then puts one foot in the water, testing it, then eases into the comforting warmth.

The light in the bathroom sputters and then burns out.

Elizabeth SIGHS, resigned, then continues climbing into the tub when -- WHAM!

8 INT. DESERTED CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door blows open, banging into the wall.

9 INT. DESERTED CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth turns, startled. She grabs her towel (brushing by her makeup bag) and, wrapping the towel around her, walks slowly down the dark hallway onto the landing.

From downstairs, she HEARS A NOISE.

10 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Bending precariously far out over the landing, she looks down onto the first

floor.

HER POV

Nothing but the stirring of leaves, blowing into the cabin through the open doorway.

ON ELIZABETH

as a cool breeze from the doorway makes her shiver. Slowly, she moves towards the stairs when we HEAR THAT SOUND AGAIN

from downstairs. What the hell is it? Once again she leans far out over the landing.

HER POV

Still nothing. Leaves. The WHINE OF THE WIND.

ON ELIZABETH

looking -- something must have made that noise. Then, suddenly, from the perfect darkness behind her, JASON

VOORHEES steps out, hockey mask in place, machete sharp and ready.

Elizabeth stands back up, OBSCURING JASON FROM VIEW.

CLOSE ON ELIZABETH

feeling that something is definitely not right...in fact, something is really, really wrong. With a panicked expression, she turns around to look behind her.

HER POV

Nothing. Darkness. Jason is gone.

ON ELIZABETH

Relaxing -- everything's okay. She turns towards the stairs and right into Jason, who raises his machete high.

With a SCREAM, she leaps backwards as Jason swings, flying through the rotted wood of the railing and crashing down onto the first floor.

ON JASON

yanking his machete from the wooden bolster on the railing.

ON ELIZABETH

looking down at her towel. It's sliced through -- a thin line of blood crossing her stomach in a diagonal. She runs.

11 EXT. DESERTED CABIN - NIGHT

Elizabeth leaps from the porch, over an overrun flowerbed, onto the hood of her car. She quickly looks behind her.

HER POV

to see Jason striding through the front door of the the cabin, coming for her.

ON ELIZABETH

as she skids all the way across the hood of the car onto the far side, then runs through the trees and brush in front of the house -- her feet bare, her eyes panicked. The branches seem to claw at her, tearing, scratching...

JASON'S POV

quickly gaining. God, he moves fast! Elizabeth turns, sees us and SCREAMS.

ON ELIZABETH

turning back to face forward when -- WHACK! She's clipped by a tree and knocked to the ground. She scrambles up and looks around.

HER POV

Jason is nowhere to be seen.

Elizabeth moves slowly now, turning around, her breathing quick and panicked. Where is he?! Is he toying with her?!

She turns and Jason leaps in front of her, machete raised.

Suddenly, Elizabeth reaches into the cleavage at the front of her towel and pulls out a small pistol.

ELIZABETH

Eat me, you bastard!

She fires one shot directly into Jason's forehead, knocking him back at step, then turns and bolts towards --

12 EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS - NIGHT

She runs into this clearing then turns to see Jason rapidly

coming after her, striding out into the open, raising his machete ready to deliver the lethal blow when, suddenly, INTENSE BRIGHT LIGHTS SNAP ON AROUND THE CLEARING

stunning Jason for a moment. The girl disappears into the treeline as

THE DEAFENING ROAR OF GUNFIRE

cracks out from the darkness. There are FBI AGENTS hidden behind every tree, bush and rock...and now, they are all firing on Jason at once.

Jason jerks as the bullets tear into his body.

Then there is a moment...the FBI agents watching...waiting for Jason to fall.

But he doesn't fall. He stands there. His head turning slowly, searching the

darkness for his next kill. Suddenly, from out of the darkness we hear:

FBI AGENT ABERNATHY

Incoming!

We hear a muffled SHOOMP! sound, then a familiar WHISTLING as a mortar shell descends on Jason in the middle of the clearing.

The grenade lands right at Jason's feet.

An anxious beat...then...

THE MORTAR EXPLODES!

We watch as Jason is blown, irrevocably, limb from limb.

ON VARIOUS CHUNKS OF JASON

spinning slowly in the air in SLO-MO. An arm, something unrecognizable, his head still in the hockey mask, then, finally

ON JASON'S BLACK HEART

spinning through the air to finally land, with a WET PLOP, on the field. It beats once, then once more...then stops.

A moment of silence...then the rest of the FBI agents emerge from their hiding places. There is an eerie after-the-battle silence to the scene. Jason's crimes have been so heinous that even in death, proximity to his mangled remains seems to render a somber atmosphere.

AGENT ABERNATHY makes his way through his quiet, somehow stunned men, and over to Elizabeth. He is clearly the man in

charge -- his suit alone says that and his demeanor backs it up.

Elizabeth stands and faces him. It is a strange tableau...the bright lights, the smoke in the air, the nearly naked woman facing the man in the suit.

Agent Abernathy offers his hand.

ABERNATHY

Good job, Agent Marcus.

ELIZABETH

(shaking his hand)

Thank you, sir.

A T.V. Camera is thrust into Abernathy's face. The MEDIA has apparently caught wind of this event. REPORTERS scream for

"Agent Abernathy...your comments..." "What was your first thought when..."
Abernathy smiles and puts on his best

"media" face.

ABERNATHY

Ladies and Gentlemen, please...

please...

The CROWD QUIETS.

ABERNATHY

(continuing)

It is my pleasure to announce that

Jason Voorhees is finally and

irrevocably...dead.

ANGLE ON A LONE MAN

sitting some distance away on the rise of a hill. His weathered face shows a healthy contempt for this somewhat premature celebration. He plugs a twisty, homegrown cigar into the corner of his mouth, light a match off the beard stubble on his chin, then fires up the cigar -- a glowing coal in the darkness. His hawk's eyes stare at something with ferocious intent...

ON JASON'S HEART

Laying on the ground in the clearing, not beating...but intact.

MATCH CUT TO:

13 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MORGUE - NIGHT

Where we see the heart on a rolling metal surgical table.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

A CORONER, a big man in his 30's, as he rolls the cart up to a security checkpoint manned by TWO FBI AGENTS. The coroner hands his I.D. to FBI AGENT 1, then lifts his arms as FBI AGENT 2 pats him down.

FBI AGENT 1

Okay, sir.

The two sliding doors in front of the coroner slide open and he wheels the metal surgical cart inside, the door closing behind him.

14 INT. FBI MORGUE - DAY

The Coroner is in the middle of his autopsy. He talks into a microphone as he works, taking the dismembered parts of Jason from a body bag.

CORONER

We have a large male caucasian...age

unknown...

He begins inspecting various organs, weighs them, takes samples. He works methodically, making verbal notes as he works.

CORONER

(continuing)

No indication of cirrhosis.

ON JASON'S VILE, BLACK HEART

as the coroner inspects it.

CORONER

The heart is nearly twice the size of

a normal heart. Malformed...

He's about to lift the heart when...the heart beats!

The coroner stops. He didn't see that.

CORONER

(trying to keep his

composure)

It appears to be filled with a black,

viscous fluid...frankly, I don't know

what the hell it is. It's not blood.

The heart beats again!

The coroner stares, shocked, transfixed.

The heart undulates now as it beats...it is a hypnotic, throbbing pulse.

Something that has to be stared at.

Something that awakens deep, impossible cravings.

It draws the coroner towards it, his eyes glassy, transfixed by what he sees.

It beats faster, undulating, a gaping, kneading maw...

The coroner stares, then reaches down and takes the now furiously beating heart in his hands.

He looks at it for a frighteningly long beat. He brings it closer to his face. He would appear to be studying it...

trying to understand what in God's name this thing is...

And then he suddenly smiles, raises the monstrous organ to his lips...

...and eats the heart of Jason Voorhees!

When he finishes the heart, he stands for a moment, not moving. Then, suddenly, his throat bulges and he begins to SCREAM A HORRIBLE SCREAM and, as he SCREAMS we

CUT TO:

15 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MORGUE - NIGHT

Dead silence. Whatever is going on in that room cannot be heard through the airtight doors.

The CORONER'S ASSISTANT walks up, carrying dinner. The two FBI MEN stop him.

FBI MAN 1

I.D.

ASSISTANT

You just saw me come out of there.

FBI MAN 1

I.D. please.

Annoyed, fumbling, the assistant takes out his I.D.

16 INT. FBI MORGUE - NIGHT

The assistant walks in to see the Coroner doubled over.

ASSISTANT

Hey, what's the matter.

The Coroner straightens, then turns to the assistant. His mouth is smeared with black liquid of the heart.

ASSISTANT

(continuing) You ate already? I was only gone ten minutes.

The assistant tosses the food on the counter as the Coroner takes

A SHARP DISSECTING PROBE

from off the table and walks over to him.

The Coroner holds the dissecting probe up to the Assistant's face.

ASSISTANT

(continuing)

Yes. That's a probe.

Suddenly, using his other hand, the Coroner

SHOVES HIS INDEX FINGER

up through the soft flesh under the Assistant's jaw hooking his finger through the Assistant's mouth and jerking the assistant's head down to

SMASH INTO THE METAL EXAMINING TABLE

Then, the Coroner takes the dissecting probe and drives it into the back of the Assistant's skull. The Assistant spasms...then goes still.

The Coroner turns and walks to the door, passing by a mirror.

ON THE MIRROR

to see the reflection. It is not the coroner walking by...it's

JASON VOORHEES, HOCKEY MASK IN PLACE!

17 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MORGUE - NIGHT

The Coroner/Jason strides out of the doors and walks past the FBI men.

FBI MAN 1

So that's the verdict -- is Jason

gonna be getting up and walking

around any time soon?

The Coroner/Jason stops and slowly turns back to the two smiling FBI men -- there will be doom here very soon.

Over this we hear:

CAMPBELL (V.O.) Tonight, on American Casefile...

CUT TO:

18 INT. STOCKROOM - DINER - DAY

FULL-FRAME ON A TV SET

WHOOSHING SFX as the words "American Casefile" are stamped in red across the screen. Behind them, a graphic of Jason's hockey mask ZOOMS UP.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

Jason Voorhees -- dead...or deadly?

CUT TO:

VIDEO

Photos of the two FBI men from the morgue, dead and bloody, as well as photos of the dead assistant coroner.

CAMPBELL (V.O.)

These dramatic photos were taken in the aftermath of the autopsy of Jason Voorhees, mere hours after his death at the hands of Federal Forces. The facts: Two security men -- dead. A Coroner -- dead. Another Coroner -- missing. Are these men victims of a serial killer only believed to be deceased? Many say yes.

CUT TO:

19 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

ROBERT CAMPBELL. In his early 30's, he's got T.V. good looks. He speaks in the overly serious "journalese" of tabloid television.

CAMPBELL

I'm Robert Campbell. Tonight, on
American Casefile, we'll talk, via
satellite, to Mr. Creighton Duke --
the bounty hunter responsible for the
capture of six of this country's most
reviled serial killers/

SHOT WIDENS

to include Duke, playing idly with a small dagger.

We recognize him as the man who we saw watching Jason die.

It's difficult to say how old he is -- it's his life that has weathered him, not his years.

CAMPBELL

Mr. Duke, how can you claim that
Jason Voorhees is not truly dead?

DUKE

How many times has Jason been

reported killed before, Mr. Campbell?

CAMPBELL

Eight times.

DUKE

Eight times. They've burned him,
dipped him in nuclear waste --

CAMPBELL

-- But this time they bombed him and
then cremated the body.

DUKE

They coulda danced a jig on it an'
fed it to goats -- don't matter. Ya'
can't kill Jason by gettin' rid of
his body. He'll come back the way he
always do, to drag the kiddies into
the darkness and crush their little
skulls -- maybe even your skull, Mr.
Campbell.

Campbell laughs and smiles winningly.

CAMPBELL

Well, let's hope not!

DUKE

Yeah, that'd be a big shame...

A look between the two of them.

CAMPBELL

In the media, you've frequently been
described as "salty" --

DUKE

-- look, just shut up. Let's cut
through the shit. You asked me here
because you want me to catch and kill
Jason Voorhees for ya'. I'll do it,
but it won't be easy...and it won't
be cheap. One hundred grand, non-
negotiable.

CAMPBELL

I understand. However, our audience
should be aware that you only charged forty thousand dollars to catch the
Idaho skin stretcher.

DUKE

Skin stretcher was human.

Campbell takes a moment to make sure that isn't lost on his audience. Duke leans in close.

DUKE

(continuing)

Let's get one thing straight, Mr.

Campbell. This isn't your garden

variety serial killer -- there's only

one way to put an end ta' put an'

end to Jason Voorhees for all time

and I'm the only one that knows the

way. If you want him dead truly

dead -- my fee is one hundred grand.

You know where to find me.

Duke stands.

CAMPBELL

Mr. Duke tonight I'm prepared to

offer you your sum of one hundred

thousand dollars, payable only after

you provide American Casefile with

incontrovertible proof of --

DUKE

-- yeah, yeah, yeah. You just have
your hundred grand ready. For that
you get the machete...the mask...the
whole damn thing.

20 INT. DINER STOCKROOM - DAY

The TV suddenly SNAPS OFF.

REVERSE ANGLE

to see DIANA KIMBLE, leaning back after having just shut it off. Sexy, in
her early 40's, Diana is a waitress here in

"Joey B's Diner". Many people might be disturbed by the notion that Jason
Voorhees is still alive, but for Diana...this means something much more.

JOEY B. (O.S.)

Hey! Lady Di!

Diana whirls around to see JOEY B. -- the frightening, no-bullshit owner of
the diner. She's a big woman with a big attitude.

JOEY B.

I'm sorry to cut into your TV time, but there's a few customers out here
who'd like to eat sometime this
fuckin' month.

21 INT. JOEY B'S DINER - DAY

"Joey B's Diner" may not be the last place in the world you'd want to eat, but it's at least the second to last. A couple of hockey masks hang from the ceiling and a banner proclaiming

"JASON IS DEAD -- 2 FOR 1 BURGER SALE!" hangs on the far wall.

Diana walks out and looks at this with an amused dismay.

DIANA

This is truly sick.

VICKI

Tell me about it.

That comes from VICKI, the other waitress in the diner.

Early 20's, she's cute and she's tough. She moves off as Joey B. steps up.

JOEY B.

No, this is not sick, Diana, this is business. People are gonna come to see Jason's hometown and they're gonna come with appetites.

SHELBY, Joey B.'s husband and cook, leans out the serving window.

SHELBY

Di -- food's up!

DIANA

Thanks, Shelby.

Besides him, WARD, Shelby and Joey B.'s early 20's son, sticks his head out as well.

WARD

Ma -- you seriously want me to cut
these like this?

He holds up a hamburger patty cut into the shape of a hockey mask -- oval with punched out eyeholes.

JOEY B.

Yes I do!

WARD

They look stupid...

JOEY B.

Well, that's your dumbass fault --
they're supposed to look like hockey
masks! Now watch.

Joey B. quickly cuts a fresh hamburger patty into the appropriate shape, then balls up the cut-away meat and holds it up in front of Ward.

JOEY B.

This makes a whole new patty...hence
the 2 for 1 burger sale.

SHELBY

My God, I love this woman.

They kiss.

WARD

You guys make me sick.

They break apart. Shelby turns to Diana.

SHELBY

Table 3, Di.

We follow Diana as she picks up several plates and walks towards a table, passing by STEVEN FREEMAN who sits at the counter next to his friend RANDY -- a young cop in uniform.

Steven, early 20's and good-looking, turns to Diana -- what's he's about to say is difficult for him but he tries to make it seem casual.

STEVEN

Diana -- you heard from Jessica

lately?

DIANA

Yes.

She sets a plate down in front of him and continues walking.

Randy turns to Steven with a wry smile.

RANDY

Allright, you're gettin' somewhere...

We follow Diana to the table where JOSH (40's) and SHERIFF

LANDIS sit. Diana gives everyone their food as Randy walks over and sits down with them.

DIANA

(to Josh)

Burger, side of fries.

(to Randy)

Double burger, side of rings.

(to Sheriff)

Meatloaf, side of me.

And she leans forward and plants a kiss on his lips. Josh smiles.

JOSH

Where the hell was that on the menu?

I'd have ordered a couple.

SHERIFF

(mock threat)

You keep movin' in on my woman and I
might have to take you out back and
shoot you.

JOSH

Yeah, I've seen you shoot...

They all smile. It's a nice moment, until:

RANDY

I don't know...

(baiting him)

...I think you two should just go
ahead and get married.

The Sheriff turns to him.

SHERIFF

I'm sorry, son, I'm going' a little
deaf in my old age...what did you say
again?

He stares at Randy fixedly.

RANDY

I said I think I'll just eat my food
over by Steven and shut the hell up.

SHERIFF

(to Josh)

That's exactly what I thought he said.

Randy smiles and walks over to Steven as the Sheriff turns to Diana and affectionately rubs her back.

SHERIFF

Everything going okay?

DIANA

It's going.

SHERIFF

Legs giving you trouble?

DIANA

Not so bad, today.

The Sheriff watches Randy sit back beside Steven. Steven glances over, catches the Sheriff's eye, then quickly turns away.

SHERIFF

Steven buggin' you?

DIANA

Do you have to ask?

JOSH

Jesus, he's relentless.

SHERIFF

Let me talk to him, Diana. I just
need three minutes with him.

DIANA

(warningly)

Ed...

SHERIFF

Okay.

(a beat)

So how is Jessica? You talked to her lately?

DIANA

Yeah, she's good, considering. That kid just takes everything in stride.

JOSH

(mumbling into food)

Wonder where she got that from...

Diana smiles at him.

DIANA

I gotta get back to work.

SHERIFF

Okay, I'll call you later.

She gives him a quick kiss, then walks off. Josh watches her go, then fixes the Sheriff with a knowing stare.

SHERIFF

Don't say it...

Josh grins. He starts HUMMING THE WEDDING BELL MARCH.

SHERIFF

(continuing)

How about this -- I'll make you a deal...I'll marry Diana when you quit banging Edna and concentrate on your wife.

JOSH

(shakes his head)

Poor, lonely Diana...

ON DIANA

as she arrives at another table. The customer's face is hidden by a menu.

DIANA

What can I get ya'?

MAN

I'll take a Voorhees burger and a side of Jason Fingers.

The man lowers the menu. It's Duke. He smiles. Diana, recognizing him, takes a step back. She recovers quickly.

DIANA

Anything else?

DUKE

Yes.

Duke extends his hand.

DUKE

(continuing)

Creighton Duke.

Hesitantly, Diana shakes his hand.

DIANA

I know who you are.

DUKE

I need to talk to you.

DIANA

I'm kind of busy right now...

DUKE

I'm going to kill Jason Voorhees --

and I need you to help me.

DIANA

Jason Voorhees is dead.

DUKE

You know he's not...and he's coming
for you.

DIANA

You food'll be right out.

She turns to go.

DUKE

I'll give you ten thousand dollars.

That stops her. She turns back.

DIANA

No, I --

DUKE

Twenty.

DIANA

Look --

DUKE

Thirty. Name your price. Everyone
has a price, what's yours?

DIANA

Look, I don't want your money!

DUKE

Then maybe I should offer it to your
daughter...

Diana does not, at any level, like Jessica being brought into the conversation. She leans in close.

DIANA

What do you want?

DUKE

You know what I want. You know why

I need you.

DIANA

You need to leave.

DUKE

I know everything about you, Diana.

DIANA

That's it, we're done.

She turns to go.

DUKE

I know who you really are!

This stops her in her tracks. Suddenly, we hear:

SHERIFF

What's the problem here?

DIANA

N...nothing.

DUKE

I was just making your girlfriend
there a little proposition...she's
thinking it over. Right, luv?

The Sheriff steps forward.

SHERIFF

Maybe you should be moving on.

DUKE

Maybe you should mind your own
business.

SHERIFF

Get up!

DUKE

Why don't you blow me, Chief.

(a beat)

After your girlfriend gets through.

The Sheriff thinks a second -- then, suddenly, he swings at Duke.

With surprising speed, Duke's hand darts up, catching the Sheriff's fist. But,
with equally surprising speed, Landis brings his gun up under the man's chin.

SHERIFF

You're talking about my lady.

DUKE

She's your lady only cause she ain't
had a taste of the Duke yet.

SHERIFF

Goddamnit!

He grabs Duke, pulling him up from the table.

DUKE

Careful, Chief. I don't think you
know who I am.

SHERIFF

I know who you are and the last thing
we need around here is some freak
show "bounty hunter" making trouble.
I want you outta town and I want you
outta town now!

DUKE

That's very colorful, chief.

SHERIFF

(to Randy)

Take him to my car. I'll be out in

a minute.

RANDY

Let's go.

DUKE

He's comin' for you, Diana...and your
daughter. Lock your doors.

Randy takes Duke away. The Sheriff turns to Diana, a little proud, a little
manly.

SHERIFF

I'm sorry if he upset you...

Diana angrily turns to him.

DIANA

I don't need you to fight my battle.

I don't need any part-time protection.

Saying that, she walks off. The Sheriff glances around at the people in the
diner then, a little cowed, goes outside.

ON DIANA

as she walks up to the counter where Steven sits.

STEVEN

He seem to think Jason's...

(in Duke's accent)

...comin' fer ya'?

He smiles. She doesn't. Vicki walks up.

VICKI

You okay?

Diana nods.

VICKI

(continuing)

Okay.

Vicki moves off. When she does, Diana turns to Steven.

DIANA

Steven, I need to talk to you.

There's something you don't know

about Jessica, something you should

know. She was going to tell you

herself but...

Diana looks up and stares out the window.

HER POV

One of Joey B's hockey mask spins slowly in her field of vision, but instead of looking cheesy...it now seems scary...foreboding. Diana turns back to Steven.

DIANA

...but there just may not be enough
time. If you still care about her,
if you still want to try to make
things better between you two...we
should talk.

STEVEN

So let's talk.

DIANA

No. Not here. Come by my house
tonight at eleven. Don't be late.

As Steven looks at her worried face, we

CUT TO:

22 EXT. JOEY B'S DINER - NIGHT

Diana comes out the back door of the diner, taking the garbage out.

POV SHOT

slowly moving in on her, stalking. There shadows, the dark gaps of night and
woods between her and the trash...we just know that she is going to die.

ON THE DUMPSTER

as Diana approaches it. She flings it open with a LOUD BANG

then dumps the trash in. We stay close...sure she is going into that dumpster
with her trash...

But no...she finishes and turns...

...Right into Josh!

DIANA

Jesus!

JOSH

Sorry, Di. I was just going to my
car. I didn't mean to frighten you...

DIANA

It's...It's all right.

Josh takes the trash can from her...carries it back towards the diner.

JOSH

Listen...don't you worry about Ed.

He'll come around. He's too good a
Sheriff to let you give him the slip.

DIANA

I'm just too old for going steady,
Josh.

JOSH

So's he and he knows it.

They've reached the diner. He opens the door for her.

JOSH

(continuing)

Everything'll work out. Trust me on that.

DIANA

Okay.

JOSH

Good night, beautiful.

DIANA

'Night, Josh.

She gives him a quick hug, then closes the diner door, going back inside to clean up.

Josh steps off the porch and around back to the parking lot.

STALKER'S POV

following him, moving in, closer...

IN THE PARKING LOT

EDNA steps out of her car as Josh approaches. She's an attractive woman around Josh's age. He smiles and moves to kiss her. She stops him.

EDNA

Not here.

She looks around nervously.

EDNA

(continuing)

Sorry I'm late.

JOSH

Bill didn't go bowling at the regular
time?

EDNA

The League changed the damn
time...but we've still got 'til ten-
thirty. Hop in.

Josh smiles and hurries to the passenger side of the car as Edna climbs back
in behind the wheel.

STALKER'S POV

Suddenly rushing towards the car, smashing into the driver's door, slamming
it shut with tremendous force just as Edna's head is lowered to enter.

She is dead.

STALKER'S POV

Turns to Josh who stands frozen in absolute terror.

POV RUSHES AT HIM

as we --

CUT TO:

BLACK, then slowly

FADE UP ON:

23 INT. VOORHEES HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON JOSH

Strapped on a metal table. Straps across his body. Even a strap to hold his head firmly in place. FIRELIGHT dances across his apparently nude body and his terror-stricken eyes.

His terror grows as a shadow leans in to cover his face.

ON THE CORONER/JOSH

As he looks down at Josh. It is the coroner we see, but his eyes are those black empty pools of Jason's evil. Many large sores cover the man's face.

Even as we watch, another seems to push its way forth from the skin. Clearly, they weaken the man. He sways slightly.

Catches his balance... and raises something into view. A STRANGER RAZOR.

ON JOSH

As he begins to whimper. The man lowers the razor towards his face. The blade glints in the firelight as the

Coroner/Jason brings it down, closer... closer... until its sharp edge touches Josh's skin. Then, suddenly,

The man begins to give Josh a shave!

The SCRAPE of the razor is loud against Josh's unlathered moustache.

Now the coroner/Jason moves the blade across Josh's Adam's apple... carefully, expertly.

When the man is finished, there is a long, uncertain beat, then his hands bring a hot towel into view.

JOSH'S POV

As the towel is laid over his face.

BLACKNESS

Over which we hear the STRANGLED SOUNDS of the Coroner/Jason breathing -- what the hell is he doing? After a long moment, the towel is lifted and, still in

JOSH'S POV

We see the coroner/Jason lean in, opening his mouth wide, until his face fills the screen.

A beat, then Josh SCREAMS a horrible SCREAM as we

CUT TO:

24 EXT. VOORHEES HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a dark and evil aura to the house, but it is not the Victorian haunted house of some storybook tale of ghosts. This a place built as a summer home in the forties... abandoned many years ago... it looks now as if it is dissolving slowly back into the small, encroaching corner of the lake behind it and into the woods around it.

But the sense of evil doesn't come from the rot or the decay... those are just symptoms.

The sense of evil comes from the core of darkness that we can feel in every gaping window. In every shadow. In the dark shadows of the trees and the darker waters of the lake.

As Josh continues to SCREAM, we

FADE TO BLACK:

25 INT. DINER - NIGHT

Steven and Randy sit by the counter, Vicki stands beside them and we can see Ward back in the kitchen, cooking up some food.

STEVEN

(to Vicki)

What do you mean you've never made a
prank call?

VICKI

Never.

STEVEN

You mean never as in really never, or
never as in it was just so stupid you
don't want to tell us about it?

VICKI

I mean really never.

STEVEN

I'm sorry to hear that. A famous man
once said -- there is no worse regret
than a temptation resisted.

A beat.

RANDY

Jesus, Steven, that's...that's really lovely.

STEVEN

I mean, how can you go through life without never having made a prank call?

RANDY

Hell, when Steven was a kid, he was like, having strippers delivered to church Bingos and shit.

VICKI

That's disgusting.

STEVEN

Disgusting? Bingo night was sold out for six months after that! They raised enough money to build a day care center.

RANDY

It was a community service.

STEVEN

Absolutely. The church even sent me
an autographed picture of God.

(yelling to the back)

Ward!

WARD

(shouting from back)

Yeah!

STEVEN

You ever make a prank call?

WARD

I called an adoption agency once when
I was like nine or something and I
told them I wanted to trade my mom in
for a box of Lincoln Logs.

Suddenly, a wet sponge comes flying in from offscreen and hits Ward in the face.

JOEY B. (O.S.)

Why don't you shut the fuck up and
cook those burgers?!

WARD

I really wanted those fuckin' Logs.

ON STEVEN

As he gets up and walks over to the pay phone in the diner.

RANDY

What are you doing?

STEVEN

Showing Vicki what she missed out on

by being such a dull kid. Now, the

first thing you need in making a

prank call is, of course, a phone.

(holds up the phone)

This one, for instance.

RANDY

Steven, c'mon, we're not thirteen...

STEVEN

Next, you dial a number.

VICKI

Really, Steven, I don't want you to

do this...

Steven dials a number.

CLOSE ON

The receiver to see Steven click it off out of view of the others.

STEVEN

...and it's now ringing...ringing...

and -- Hello? Anthony's Pizzeria?

Yeah, this is officer Randy Parker

over at the station.

RANDY

Oh, c'mon, would you stop, please?

STEVEN

Is this Anthony?...Yeah, well, I just

have one question for you, Anthony --

did you fuck my dog?

RANDY

Oh my God, Steven.

STEVEN

Yeah, well somebody fucked her and if

I find out it was you, I'm gonna come

over there and shoot you in the head.

RANDY

I'm now begging you.

STEVEN

Listen, since I got you on the
phone -- ask the guys there if they
wanna chip in for a hooker. I'll
send her right over. Her name is
Vicki.

VICKI

Steven!

STEVEN

She's a waitress at Joey B's but she
needs some extra cash. Ward's the
pimp.

VICKI

I'm literally going to kill you!

STEVEN

Ten dollars! Hell, I can't do that to
you -- you can have her for a pizza.

VICKI

A pizza?!

Suddenly, Randy walks up to Steven and quickly handcuffs him to the metal phone cord.

STEVEN

(to Randy)

Randy, what the fuck? Take these off!

Wards sets two paper bags down on the counter.

WARD

(to Randy)

Food's ready. Tell the guys at the station the pimp says hi.

RANDY

(taking food)

Sure thing. See ya', Steven.

STEVEN

Randy, you dipshit! Take these off!

RANDY

Sorry, I'm working now. You see, I have a job...

STEVEN

Randy, c'mon!

RANDY

Have a good night.

The Steven glances at the clock -- 11:10. He was supposed to meet Diana ten minutes ago.

STEVEN

Ah, shit.

With startling speed, Steven pops off the cuff on his wrist, hangs up, then turns to Randy waving his free wrist.

STEVEN

Wanna know how I did that?

RANDY

Yeah...

STEVEN

(Steven smiles)

Gotta go. See you guys later.

He runs past Randy to the door of the diner, then stops and turns to him.

STEVEN

By the way, if you'd been paying
attention you'd have noticed I held
the receiver down when I dialed --
cop like you should be more observant
than that.

And he rushes out of the diner.

RANDY

He drives me so fucking crazy.

CUT TO: 26 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the darkness, the phone RINGS. A key turns in the door as Diana enters. She finds the light switch as the phone RINGS

again.

The lights come on and she dashes across the room to answer the phone.

DIANA

Coming! Hold on!

She snatches the phone.

DIANA

Hello...

SHERIFF

(from the phone)

June the 19th.

Diana thinks a second trying to place the caller...then suddenly smiles.

DIANA

Ed...

Behind Diana, a shadowy figure appears in the doorway. We see him as he moves forward, but Diana doesn't.

27 INT. LANDIS' SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

He's in his car, talking on the phone.

SHERIFF

That's when my vacation starts. If
we get married then, we'll have two
weeks in Hawaii.

(a beat)

I love you, Diana. I'm sorry I've
waited this long. Let's do it.

28 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Diana is as happy as she's ever been. The man (who we now recognize as Josh) is still approaching from the shadows.

DIANA

God, Ed, I love you too, I...

Now directly behind Diana, Josh snakes a hand out, snatches the receiver from her then slams it back into its cradle.

Diana only has time for a STARTLED GASP as Josh grabs her. He takes her head in a firm embrace and draws her face close to his.

DIANA

Josh! What are you doing!

His lips draw closer and closer to hers. His eyes are cold, empty places.

She turns her head to the side, away from Josh. Her eyes open in a terror born of absolute disbelief and a certain knowledge that, except for the pain, she is already dead.

DIANA'S POV

On the mirror over the mantle. In the reflection she sees not Josh, but Jason Voorhees, mask in place.

DIANA

Oh God...Oh Jesus...

ON JOSH/JASON

As he reaches out to Diana, turns her head back to his and opens his mouth -- it's dank and vile and there's something in there, something that writhes horribly, the same oozing color as Jason's dark heart.

As the thing squirms out from between his teeth and towards Diana's lips, she manages to screams last:

DIANA

No!

Panicked, determined, she reaches down and opens the drawer of the phone table.

Inside is a service revolver.

The phone begins to RING AGAIN as Diana grabs the gun and sticks it against Josh's temple as the black thing in his mouth begins to pry her lips apart, trying to worm inside.

She pulls the trigger.

The SHOT RINGS LOUD in the room. Josh/Jason staggers back, falls to his knees. He's been shot in the back of the head at close range -- it's a wound

that would kill anyone human.

The phone CONTINUES TO RING, until it is knocked off it's cradle by Diana as she turns and runs to the patio door.

It's locked.

She fiddles with it, trying to open it, then glances back to make sure Josh/Jason isn't coming for her.

Josh/Jason isn't there.

Oh, shit. She back against a wall, looking around -- where is he? She turns. He's not there. She spots the phone and moves towards it.

Then, from the darkness of the shadows...

...Josh/Jason leaps out at her, grabs her and flings her down to the floor.

The injured, but very obviously alive Josh/Jason holds Diana's head firmly against the carpet. He lowers his mouth towards hers and, once again, that black thing in his mouth squirms through his lips. The phone keeps RINGING and RINGING...

Suddenly, the room is bathed in light as a car pulls up outside.

29 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Steven enters. He sees blood and, hearing Diana SCREAM, rushes into

30 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

and leaps on Josh, his momentum knocking the man off Diana before Josh can force the horrible, squirming thing from his mouth into hers -- but the advantage is just momentary.

Josh/Jason turns to Steven and grabs him by his shirt, picking him up off the ground with what is clearly superhuman strength and throws him against the

nearest wall.

Steven hits the wall with a sharp, nearly back-breaking impact. He lies for a moment, stunned, near unconsciousness, then he regains his bearings just in time to see Josh/Jason taking a knife sharpening pole from the knife rack next to him in the kitchen.

Then Josh/Jason turns and flings the instrument through the air at Steven just as Diana runs up to see if Steven's okay.

The pole pierces Diana through the back.

She looks up at Steven with a stunned expression and then sinks down to the floor revealing Josh/Jason behind her.

There is a fury in him now that is terrible to behold. An unearthly SCREAM of frustration and rage tears from his throat. His hands reach out, ready to tear into Steven.

Steven manages to duck, roll and come up beside the fireplace.

Josh/Jason turns and charges at Steven.

Steven grabs a fireplace poker and rams it with all of his strength through Josh/Jason's chest.

As he does this, he is positioned so that he can't help but see the reflection in the mirror. He sees Jason Voorhees struggling furiously... trying to pull the poker out of his chest. In trying to do that, Josh/Jason is thrown backward.

He crashes through a window and falls outside.

Steven rushes back to Diana. He bends, taking her in his arms.

DIANA

(weakly)

You saw him? You know who he is?

Steven nods.

DIANA

(continuing)

You have to...save...Jessica... Save

Jessica and save the...

STEVEN

The what?

DIANA

Save your...

But the pain is too much.

DIANA

(continuing)

Steven...

STEVEN

I'm here.

DIANA

I'm scared. I'm very scared.

All Steven can do is hold her. Her eyes close. She dies.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Oh, God Almighty, no...

ON SHERIFF

Standing there, staring, in shock. He pulls his gun.

As he does this, Steven sets Diana down and runs towards the window.

STEVEN

It was Josh. He fell outside. He --

Steven looks out the window.

STEVEN'S POV

There is nothing there but darkness. Josh/Jason is gone.

ON STEVEN

As he turns back to SHERIFF. The man kneels by Diana.

SHERIFF

Oh, my dear God...

STEVEN

(really to himself)

He was dead. He had to be dead...

SHERIFF looks up at Steven.

The boy stands covered in blood. Suddenly, he realizes what this must look like.

STEVEN

No... you can't think I...

But SHERIFF's eyes grow cold.

SHERIFF

Let's go.

CUT TO:

31 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Steven is in this dismal interrogation room. He's tired, frightened, angry. We don't know how long he's been here, but it's clearly been a long time. SHERIFF and Steven's friend, Randy, are in the room with him.

STEVEN

How many times do you want to hear
this?

SHERIFF

Until I hear the truth.

STEVEN

I've told you the truth.

SHERIFF

The truth? That Josh, a man I've
trusted with my own life on more than
one occasion -- let me see if I've got the order right here -- tried to
rape Diana...got the back of his head
blown off...took a poker through the
gut...fell through a plate glass

window and then magically disappeared
into the night.

STEVEN

I know what it sounds like.

SHERIFF

You don't know shit!

STEVEN

I didn't kill her!

SHERIFF

Then why were you at her house?! She
didn't want anything to do with you.

STEVEN

She asked me to come over. She said
she had something to tell me.

SHERIFF

About what?

STEVEN

About Jessica.

SHERIFF

That's a lie. Diana would never talk

to you about Jessica. Not after what
you did to her.

STEVEN

Look, I know I treated her bad --

SHERIFF

-- Bad?!

SHERIFF suddenly hauls off, WHACKS STEVEN ACROSS THE FACE
then grabs him by the collar and pulls him close.

SHERIFF

(continuing)

You call what you did bad?! You
knocked her up and then left her!

STEVEN

No -- she left me! After her
miscarriage, I --

SHERIFF

-- Miscarriage?! Who the fuck told
you Jessica had a miscarriage?!

STEVEN

She did!

SHERIFF looks at Steven with an almost astonished pity.

SHERIFF

My God...you are one sorry son-of-a-bitch.

STEVEN

(a little frantic)

She did have a miscarriage, didn't she? Didn't she?!

SHERIFF

Oh, you stupid, sorry son-of-a-bitch...

Defeated, eyes filled with loss and anger, SHERIFF turns and walks away. Then, just before he exits, he turns back.

SHERIFF

(continuing)

If I wasn't the Sheriff here, if I thought I could get away with it... I would kill you right now. That's no exaggeration.

(to Randy)

I'll be back.

The Sheriff leaves.

Steven watches him go, then turns to Randy who can't quite bring himself to meet Steven's steady gaze.

STEVEN

Do you believe me?

Randy has to think about this. Finally:

RANDY

I don't believe that you murdered

Diana. I don't know what really

happened, but I know you couldn't

have done it.

Steven nods -- that's going to have to be enough for now.

RANDY

(continuing)

You just sit tight -- I'm gonna take

care of this. I'll straighten

everything out.

Steven SIGHS, then closes his eyes and rubs them.

STEVEN

Jesus, Randy...

(looks up at Randy)

...what is Jessica gonna do?

CUT TO:

32 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Early morning light filters through the windows. The door opens and JESSICA KIMBLE enters. She's in her early twenties, a strikingly beautiful image of her mother. There is a startled GASP.

ON VICKI

The young waitress who worked with Diana at the diner. She's trying to clean the bloodstains off the floor and the furniture.

VICKI

Jessica, I'm so sorry. I...I wanted
to have this cleaned up before you
got here.

JESSICA

That's all right. I was just...

Jessica fights it, trying not to cry.

Vicki gets up, wiping her hands on her overalls, and walks over to her friend and hugs her.

JESSICA

(continuing)

Oh, God, Vick...

They hold each other. Suddenly, we hear a BABY CRYING.

Startled, Vicki looks over Jessica's shoulder and sees a baby carriage, standing just outside the door.

Vicki moves to the carriage and picks up the baby, who immediately STOPS CRYING.

VICKI

A girl?

Jessica nods.

VICKI

She's beautiful.

JESSICA

Her name's Stephanie.

VICKI

She's yours?

Jessica nods. A beat.

VICKI

She has Steven's eyes.

She smiles from the baby to Jessica, looking for confirmation.

Jessica gives a little, reluctant nod.

VICKI

Why didn't you tell me?

JESSICA

I was going to, I was going to tell
everyone. I just...didn't expect to
be back here so soon.

(a beat)

Is Steven around?

Vicki nods.

JESSICA

(continuing)

Does he know about what happened?

VICKI

Yeah.

(a beat)

Sit down a second. There's something

I need to tell you about Steven...

CUT TO:

33 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAWN

Steven is sitting alone, waiting to discover his fate.

Suddenly the door opens and Randy walks in.

STEVEN

Well?

RANDY

I'm sorry. I have to bring you to a
cell.

STEVEN

Are you crazy?!

RANDY

I know, I know, I'm sorry but the
Sheriff is just berserk right now.
C'mon.

34 INT. MAIN ROOM OF POLICE STATION - DAWN

Randy leads Steven from the interrogation room towards the jail cell block.

RANDY

Hopefully we won't have to hold you
more than a day. I'm gonna bust my
ass to prove you innocent but you
gotta be cool or Landis will really
kil you, okay? Okay?

Steven has not been paying attention -- he's staring at something on the other
side of the room.

HIS POV

Jessica enters through the front door with Vicki.

ON STEVEN

In his eyes we see that, in spite of whatever might have happened in the past, he really loves this girl.

STEVEN

...Jessica...

ON JESSICA

As she suddenly turns and lifts something up into view -- the baby.

ON STEVEN

As his eyes widen, realizing what this means, what it was that Diana was going to tell him, what Landis meant by his talk about a "miscarriage".

This is his daughter he's looking at.

STEVEN

My God...

Suddenly another man comes through the police station door and places his hands protectively on Jessica's shoulders.

She turns away from Steven and looks at this new arrival.

It's Robert Campbell, the host of "American Casefile".

He and Steven each eye each other...instant enemies.

Suddenly, Randy jerks Steven away towards the cell block.

RANDY

C'mon.

35 INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

ON STEVEN

As Randy SLAMS THE CELL DOOR in front of him, locking him in.

RANDY

I'll be back later. You just be
cool, okay.

STEVEN

Okay.

RANDY

Don't do anything stupid.

STEVEN

What am I gonna do -- I'm locked up
in a friggin' cell?!

RANDY

I'm gonna get your outta this. Just
hang tight. Okay?

STEVEN

Okay.

CUT TO:

36 INT. LANDIS' OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff is working at his desk when there's a KNOCK AT
THE DOOR.

SHERIFF

Yeah?

The door opens and Jessica (carrying her baby), Vicki and Robert enter. The Sheriff immediately jumps up and hugs Jessica tightly. He says nothing -- there's nothing to say.

Finally, when they break:

JESSICA

Ed...I'd like you to meet my
boyfriend, Robert Campbell.

LANDIS

Ed Landis.

They shake hands.

LANDIS

I've seen your show. I like it about
as much as I like anything on the
television.

CAMPBELL

Thank you.

LANDIS

I hope you're not down here on
business. I wouldn't take kindly to
seeing Diana's face on one of your
programs.

CAMPBELL

(an arm around Jessica)

No, sir. I'm just here for Jess...

Landis nods, apparently satisfied. He looks at Jessica's baby.

LANDIS

He's a cute little fella.

JESSICA

He's a she.

LANDIS

(without missing a beat)

And as pretty as her mamma...and her
mamma before that...

A sad beat of silence. Suddenly, the INTERCOM BUZZES.

SHERIFF

Yeah?

OFFICER DILL (O.S.)

(over intercom)

Sheriff, we, uh, we have a problem

with Diana Kimble's body...

The Sheriff immediately snatches up the phone so he can talk privately.

SHERIFF

What's the problem?

There is a pause as the Sheriff listens and we can tell from his face that whatever the problem is...it's serious.

SHERIFF

Bring him here. I wanna talk to him.

The Sheriff hangs up the phone.

JESSICA

What's the matter?

The Sheriff smiles disarmingly.

SHERIFF

Ah, the funeral home just has a

couple questions. Wait here, I'll be back in a minute.

37 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

The Sheriff storms down this hallway in a fury. At the other end we see Creighton Duke, in cuffs, walking towards him with OFFICER DILL slightly behind, trying to keep up.

Finally, the Sheriff and Duke get nose to nose.

SHERIFF

Where the fuck is she, Duke?!

DUKE

That's what I'd like to know.

OFFICER DILL

We found him in the morgue. The body
was missing and he was standing over
the open cabinet.

SHERIFF

(to Duke)

What the hell were you doing there?!

DUKE

(matter-of-factly)

Trying to steal the body, obviously...

but you fucked up and let someone get
to it before I could.

The Sheriff can barely contain himself upon hearing this. He tries to calm down, but it's an effort.

SHERIFF

Why did you want her body?

DUKE

For a good reason.

SHERIFF

Tell me.

DUKE

Sorry.

SHERIFF

Tell me!

DUKE

Information like that is very
expensive and you don't have the
balls to pay the price.

The Sheriff turns to Officer Dill.

SHERIFF

Lock this asshole up.

DUKE

You think you can lock me up in this
piss-ass prison? Hell, this place is
motel fuckin' six to me.

OFFICER DILL

Shut-up.

DUKE

(to Sheriff)

You better find that body right away
you incompetant dickhead because if
it's where I think it is...you're
gonna be in world of shit.

SHERIFF

(to Officer Dill)

Lock him the fuck up and after you
do, I want you to find that body --
do you understand me! I don't care
what you have to do, I don't care
where you have to go, FIND IT!

38 INT. LANDIS' OFFICE - DAY

Landis enters with a pleasant smile on his face.

JESSICA

What's going on?

SHERIFF

Aw, nothing. It's taken care of.

ROBERT

Everything's okay, then?

SHERIFF

(sharply)

Yes, everything's okay.